

#22

One lost dead

It was snowing, the fog hiding most of the road, the light of the white fog and clouds blinding her

Suddenly a Zombie appeared from the fog hitting the car, but unlike the others she had hit this one made... awfully human sounds, coughing and rolling away instead of breaking through the window

She hit the brakes and made sure to reload her shotgun before getting any closer

she forced her smile down with her fingers telling herself “hide it, you don’t care, don’t care, it’s a Zombie”

She looked down the hill that the person rolled down into

A person with green skinny hands had his arms lifted upwards with a hoodie hiding his head, yellow bones exposed off his hands, his back bent over like he was 100 years old

He quietly said something that she couldn’t hear

She told him to speak up but the zombie stood there, he did show a sign of awareness but he just didn’t speak

He hid his face with his hood but showed his neck sliced open

He was clearly acting like a human but... how could he survive like that- n- NO don't care he's a monster I need to end his misery and go on

She thought to herself before he attempted making shapes of letters with his hands

H

E

L

P

"How do I know that you won't bite my head off once your time is up?!"

She wanted to pull the trigger but since she didn't see his face and he acted so human... she just-

Pulled the gun into the air before she pulled the trigger on him

The noise was way too loud

She without thought grabbed onto his hand and threw him into the back of the truck before driving the car forward

"At least if I die it'll be by the only Humane Zombie out there"

She told herself before seeing Zombies catching up on the mirror of the car

She was about to ram them before realizing the boxes of food she has been collecting up for days were being thrown at them

She turned around screaming in anger before realizing just how close the hoard were and that the car sped up a little after the boxes were thrown out

Since she couldn't drive and shoot with her shot gun at the same time she took the gun by its tip and tapped the back of the person with it

"YOU SHOOT I DRIVE UNDERSTAND?"

she felt the gun being pulled off of her arms before her turning her head to see a Zombie in front of her an inch away from biting her

You the reader already know what's happening and since I can't translate what I'm thinking as if it's a movie and things suddenly happening just... just pretend like this all happens in the matter of seconds okay? Great

So the Zombie gets kicked from the side by the hooded person who was carrying the shotgun but still kept his face hidden

She understood what was going on so she turned her head to the road again and said

"I Know you're a Zombie you don't need to hide it, if you

don't want both of us to die you NEED to close your heart to their deaths, they're fake, they're not human-“

She rammed her car against the group of zombies next to them

“IMAGINE THEM AS WHO YOU HATE AND BURN THEM DOWN TO HELL”

She didn't hear any shooting so she turned around to see him using the back of the gun to hit them

She was about to complain but then thought “the sound was the reason why they came in the first place... so if he did use the gun even more would arrive”

So then the only thing they could do is hopefully outdrive them and cripple the fastest of the zombies, since Zombies were still humans and needed energy to run around they'd either start eating each other or slow down

By the time they've lost all of them it was night time, crickets normally sounded like sirens but the amount of stress they've been through made the sound feel more like a violin

she drove up to the abandoned restaurant that she got the previous food supplies from, the building still had working lights and a lockable basement so she told the stranger to sleep in the car while she'd sleep in the basement, after going down stairs she was about to close the door of the basement but looking at the guy standing

in the same place stopped her

“didn’t you hear what I said? Get in the car or the Zombies will eat you, I’m not getting you down here I still don’t know if you’re one of them or not so I’m not taking any excuses got it?...”

he still stood there

“Aren’t you tired?” she asked while fully opening the doors still sounding tough and irritated

the boy only showed the letter N with his fingers before she knew exactly what he was about to say

she took a pink small notebook from her glove compartment and a pencil and said

“if you really want to do something then you can just write something down, walk around plan something make yourself u... helpful WHATEVER just stop making me feel worse”

That was the last thing she said before going down again and closing the doors, her face changed from angry to tired and dejected, she slowly went down stairs, lit up the candle and slept in a potato bag on the cold floor

“no no no no not again” she said quietly weeping with her face hidden in her arms “just leave me alone, he won’t die like her, I don’t, I don’t care about his life but you can’t force me to kill him, not again, kill yourself just die BURN AND FUCKING DIE -” she didn’t even realize there

was a knock on the door of the basement, then bashing and scratching against the metal until she calmed down

She got up “there’s nobody here... I’m fine, everything is okay you don’t need to care” the noises stopped, couple of minutes later paper passed through the line between the two metal doors

She took it, the letter was written with jagged lines with no aligning sizes of the letters as if a child wrote them down “don’t be scared if you don’t find me next day, every night I wake up where I shouldn’t be with pain on my arms and gums, I’m scared I’ll hurt you

I’ve heard your screams and I am so SO sorry for giving you nightmares and being so useless

I’ll look for supplies far away, I can’t let myself just lean back after throwing away your hard earned supplies that was stupid of me

You can tell me if you want me to leave completely, it’ll be okay”

she sat down leaning against the cold brick wall grounding her spine against it

“He’s still here... he’ll be okay... he’ll be back just you wait”

she closed her eyes after getting back to the potato bag, put her head on an empty bag and went to sleep

when she woke up it was pitch dark, the candle gave out
it was a little difficult for her to get to the door

she opened the doors to see boxes of ammo, pistols with
silencers and bags of groceries next to her van

She walked up to her car and saw the hooded boy sitting
in front of it drawing a cockroach on his knee

“we need to go”

The boy shook slightly when she began saying it, then
flipped the page of the notebook, wrote “may I bring the
insect with me?” and pointed it at her general direction,
still hiding his face with his other arm

This is the old part that I don’t want you
to read because I’m specifically here to
fix it

I’ll cover the part you should skip with

lines

When that time came he got his note back but they were heavily corrected

He didn't realize how many mistakes he made

She did try to smarten him up by going to the library and letting him take books that he'd like to read

He didn't take any books but a dictionary and other notes left over in the clothes of the corpses of the survivalists

okay this part is fine

(Missing space for the story... yep, also now I'm thinking now that I've remembered this story I could add a part of the story where she'd explain that she used to have a child who died to save her by keeping away the oncoming herd before she'd be found so she'd try as hard as possible to forget everyone she'd become friends with and believe that just living a life was enough while the zombie thought leaving a legacy and living on in someone's memory gives life meaning therefore her needing to remember her daughter and how she used to be like, so when he'd truly become a zombie she'd either bury him literally and figuratively or she'd leave his body where she shot him down and cut out the bone of his finger and his notebook as a reminder of him

I am of course the future self of the person who wrote this story and I thought the story wasn't good enough and the ending was bland therefore me having this idea and deciding to return to write it down quick so that I wouldn't forget)

I decided if I wasn't going to write anything new that I should instead fix stories I've already written

like this one where I got an idea of how to fix the story and hopefully make it more interesting, I'm happy that at the very least I know how bad my writing used to be compared to now because I see a lot of issues with how the story was told